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ELLEN INSPECTING THE GARDENS AND GROUNDS AT FAIR HOLT.

A WIFE'S STORY.

CHAPTER XIV.—AT FAIR HOLT AGAIN.

"WHAT are we going to do about Fair Holt, Ellen?" my uncle asked me one day when I called at — Square.

No. 365, 1858.

I must explain. When my dear father died, and I had to leave my old home, a tenant was found for it, in its ready-furnished condition. This, as my uncle had said, saved him a world of trouble, and was, all things considered, advantageous to my

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interests. But the lease having expired, the tenant had departed, leaving Fair Holt in charge of the gardener and his wife—my father's old gardener—who, till it could be otherwise occupied, retained two or three rooms in the now deserted house.

Since I had been in London, my uncle had succeeded in obtaining a tenant for the land belonging to the estate; but Fair Holt remained untenanted.

"What are we going to do about Fair Holt, Ellen?"

I had not thought much about it until then; but the mention of the name—it would be vain to ask why at that particular time more than at any other—very vividly brought my old home before me. Since the visit to my old friend, Henry's uncle, of which I have spoken, I had not seen Fair Holt; and that was years ago. What should hinder me, now that I was half way thither, and that Fair Holt was at my own disposal—what should hinder me from going to see the dear old place?

I did not take long to consider about it. The fact is, I was jaded with my two months' excitement of a London season, and I wanted a change; while at the same time I revolted against returning to Temple Court until Henry had made some concessions. I had really begun to think myself seriously injured by him, and that he could have but little love left for me, or he would not treat me with such neglect. I would show him, then, that if he were not anxious to have me at home, I was not so very anxious to return. I would go and pass a week or two, or three—as I might determine when I got there—at Fair Holt.

I wrote to my husband to tell him of my intention; and he replied by return of post.

"I shall not interfere with your plans, Ellen," he wrote; "and you will not, of course, interfere with mine. As to my following you to Fair Holt, it is simply out of the question: I have no more intention now than I had when you left Temple Court, of absenting myself from home for a single day. As, however, it will in all probability be some time before you return, I have prevailed on my mother to leave Temple Cottage to take care of itself; and she is here. She needs constant attendance, Ellen, for she is not better than when you went away from home; she is not so well. She sends her love, and would write to you; but writing fatigues her." There was more in the letter, but not much—there were no concessions. There was a bank-note, however, for fifty pounds, which Henry judged I might require for my additional expenses.

It made me very angry and very miserable. "Henry does not love me; I can see that he has left even caring for me," I said to myself; and I cried very much over that letter.

But I did not alter my intended course: I was the more confirmed in it.

"You may pack up, Susan, as quickly as you can," I said, when I had wiped the tears from my face. "We shall leave London to-morrow."

"Back to Temple Court, Miss Ellen?" asked Susan, quickly, and brightening up. I may as well explain that my old Susan as often called me by the old familiar name as by the newer one; and I liked the sound of it from her lips.

"No, not to Temple Court; I am going to Fair Holt." I had not before spoken of my intention to Susan.

She looked at me with wondering eyes.

"You would like to see the dear old place again, shouldn't you, Susan?" I asked.

"O yes; you needn't ask me that, Ma'am: I shall dearly like to see it; dearly." But though Susan said this, there was, as I could see, an unsatisfied look on her countenance. I did not seem to notice this, however.

"Well, we shall spend two or three weeks there—a month perhaps," I said.

"Oh then, Mr. Temple will be there," said Susan; "that will be pleasant."

I shook my head: "Mr. Temple writes word that he cannot leave Temple Court; so we must manage to do without him."

Susan's countenance was again overcast. "Oh, Miss Ellen, oh, ma'am! I am so sorry," was all she said; and she walked slowly out of the room.

She came in again presently, however, on some errand, and I asked her then what she meant by saying she was so sorry.

Susan looked confused, and I could see that tears were ready to start from her eyes. "I think you can guess what I meant," she said.

No, indeed, I could not. I told her, at any rate, she seemed to have a deeper meaning than that she merely regretted that my husband and I could not enjoy the holiday together. Was it not so?

Yes, it was so; she hoped I would not be offended, she said; but it had been so much on her mind my having stayed away from Temple Court, my own home, and Mr. Temple not coming near. She knew, she said, that there had been some little disagreement about the journey, but it seemed as if—as if it had come to something much more serious than that; and it troubled her very much to hear what was said—what the servants at — Square, and at Mr. Colvin's as well—had dared to hint even in her presence.

"What can you possibly mean, Susan?" I demanded.

"I know it is false," said Susan, energetically; "and I told them they ought to be ashamed of themselves to say such a thing; but they only laughed at me, and said it was all very well for me to pretend not to know anything about it, but that it was true for all that, that you and Mr. Temple had parted for good and all, Miss Ellen."

Parted! My husband and I parted!

Yes, that was what had been talked about, Susan said; and though she knew how false and wicked it was, she could not help feeling sorry that I should lengthen my stay from home. If I were to go to Fair Holt, and stop there a month, it would be a quarter of a year that I should have been separated from Mr. Temple; and that would be a long time, would it not? Susan asked. And there would be no telling what people might say.

For the time I was too indignant to reply. I was angry with Susan for her boldness and anxiety—angry with the servants for their impertinent tattle—with my aunt and cousin for having, as I could not help thinking they had, spoken of me as an ill-used wife—and angry, above all, with my husband for his perverseness. I forgot at that time that I ought to have been angry

with myself for my proud and rebellious spirit. Instead of this, I was more than ever determined to carry out my plan; and I went to Fair Holt.

We arrived late in the evening at my childhood's home. The old gardener and his wife had made some hurried preparations to receive me; and when I retired to rest, it was in the chamber which I had once called my own.

With what a mixture of painful and pleasant feelings I woke on the following morning, and wandered solitarily over the dear old home, let those who have revisited the scenes of childhood after long absence imagine for themselves. Here was the parlour in which I had sat day after day with my father; there was the chamber in which he died, and the first great sorrow of life had fallen heavily upon me. Here was his old library, where also I had received my daily lessons from my kind old governess. Not much change had passed over the dwelling: the furniture of every room was familiar to me; and the books—such of them as had not been removed to Temple Court—were in their old places on the shelves. From the windows I could see the valley, the river, and the woods beyond; and nearer at hand the village itself, with the spire of the church, and the chimneys of the parsonage-house, just as they might all have been seen years gone by. No perceptible change had passed over them; but other changes had taken place: friends had passed away, hopes had been chilled, and I myself—oh, how changed I seemed then!

I tried to escape from myself, and, summoning Susan, I strolled out into the garden. It had been neatly kept, for the old gardener was proud of his garden; and, hobbling after us, he talked incessantly of all that he had been doing since he saw me last, and pointed out familiar objects which I had recognised at the first glance. There was the old pear-tree which used to bear such loads of fruit, and was still as prolific as ever, he said. There was the arbour, which he himself had designed and reared, and around which he had planted laurels and bay, to make it snug and pleasant. Didn't I remember it—that old arbour? he asked. As if I could ever forget my father's favourite garden retreat, and mine too, where Henry and I, on our first acquaintance as boy and girl, had sometimes rested ourselves after our long rambles.

But I will not tire you, reader, with these reminiscences. The day passed away, and another, and another. I had, as I have said, no fixed intentions respecting my stay at Fair Holt, and for the first day or two I seemed almost frightened at the solitude into which I had plunged myself, and depressed by the vivid remembrances which everything around me evoked. But this depression began to wear away. I renewed my intercourse with Mrs. Page, my former teacher, and visited, in their cottages, as many of the old folks as remembered me; and listened with pleasure, because I could hear without jealousy, their sorrowful regrets at the changes which had taken place at Fair Holt and the parsonage during the few years which were past and gone. In one of these cottages I accidentally met with the successor of old Mr. Temple, and his lady: after that, they

called on me at Fair Holt, and this led to my visiting the parsonage in due form.

I was pleased with these new acquaintances, and when the ice of ceremony was once broken, our interchange of visits was renewed almost every day; and every day, alas! I thought less than on the former one, how my place at home was unfilled, and my husband's soul vexed by my self-will.

But did Henry care for me? Did it matter to him whether I were at Temple Court or at Fair Holt? I pretended to myself to believe that my absence from home was no such heavy affliction to him; but it was only a pretence. If I had really believed it, the thought would have been too full of anguish to be borne. I am sure of this now, though I did not think so then. What was really in my heart, perhaps it would be hard to say, except that I fancied I was showing a proper degree of pride and resentment in meeting indifference with simulated indifference, and neglect with pretended neglect; and that if I only held out long enough, I should bring my repentant husband to my feet; and then, how magnanimous and gentle I would be!

And thus three weeks passed away.

A WALK FROM LONDON TO EDINBURGH,

ABOUT SIXTY YEARS AGO.*

It is true, as Professor Smyth so tenderly sung,

"I feel the sun of life no more
In gay meridian shining;"

and

"Long shadows hang all objects o'er,
And shows its orb declining;"

yet I cannot altogether concede to the dogma that, after attaining the age of three-score and ten, and say five additional (75), we ought to allow ourselves to lie completely fallow, and never more try to yield a crop that might be pleasant or useful to our junior fellow creatures. On the contrary, I am of opinion (for old age will flatter itself) that its retrospects and lessons may be very valuable to the more juvenile world. For the wise Montaigne lays it down that "*la jeunesse doit regarder devant, et la vieillesse derrière soi*;" and if we combine this advice—if Age, looking back, can recall things of the past, so as to enable Youth to look forward with a reef of wisdom and warning in his full-flowing sail—there can be no harm done by such lucubrations as mine. Telemachus ought not to quarrel with Mentor.

As spring advanced, and summer heat, in spite of "the usual severity of the season," began to prevail, London became disagreeable, especially to country folks, who were not inured to its odours like its cockney population. I therefore resolved to evacuate my occupancy, and seek the keen air of the North; and, in order to see and learn as much about central England as I could, to make the journey on foot—*Scottie*, "on gude Shanks' naggie." So I bade adieu to the ginger-pop—there was no soda-water then, nor was ice used as a cooler; to the distressing cries of the chimney-sweeps, "We

* For London at that period, see "*Leisure Hour*," Nos. 350, 351.

weep!" before the invention of Ramoneur Companies and machines; to the ceaseless bells of stuffy muffins, and crumpets resembling softened shoe soles; to the turnpikes and tolls, interrupting every suburban road and many side streets, now so conveniently limited to half-a-dozen obnoxious sites and bridges; to the pervading scents of green asparagus and fresh mackerel; to new milk from old pumps, and to street dust which blinded your eyes, and stuffed your nostrils, and pulverized you, baker or miller-like, all over, or the same dust converted by water-carts into dirt, which bemired your feet beyond admissibility into decent mansions. For, in those days, there were no shoe-black brigades abroad, doing a fair day's work for a fair day's wages (especially, if foul), and, in company with the cheap newspaper boys, transacting the copper exchange and banking business for the silver sixpence currency of the buss conductors.

Farewell to all. With light heart and thin pair of trousers; a spare shirt and change of stockings in pouch; a little bit of coxcombry in dress and decoration, to demonstrate, at first sight, that I did not walk from sheer poverty; handsome purse with ten guineas (spades of the third George—a coin fully five per cent. superior to a modern sovereign); a gold watch and chain, sparkling ring, and so forth; behold me early on the Monday morning, bounding off with all the corporeal elasticity and spirited buoyancy of nineteen, the arithmetical square root of which, work it as you will, is neither the number of wisdom nor sadness.

My plan was to rise betimes and master a stage before breakfast, to take a hearty country meal, a very slight refection about noon, and a light supper-dinner in the evening, with a glass of ale or whatever was the beverage of the locality. I may mention that I had met at dinner at a friend's, a few days before, a Scotch gentleman, who was to set out on Saturday and precede me on the road, with his lady and two children in his carriage, and a groom horse for occasional exercise, when John exchanged the saddle for the rumble. We encountered each other on my third day, Wednesday, when I pleaded some plausible excuse for declining the polite offer of a seat when the master took his turn on horseback. Indeed, after the first day I was never over-fatigued; and though accomplishing on an average above forty miles daily, I was often disposed to extend my promenade, in the beautiful cool of the evening, farther than I had laid down for my halt when I started at morn. So healthful and invigorating is exercise; so various and interesting the information a pedestrian picks up on his way. Fifty miles maximum was no task.

The great North Road is now comparatively a desert. The iron of railroads has entered into its soil and soul, then so animated by enormous traffic and an endless tide of human life surging backwards and forwards on its long-spread reach. Hereon, too, I met drove after drove of sore-footed black cattle from the north, all tending one way to feed the southern "pock-puddings," who seemed never to cease from eating beef. It was truly a weary road for the poor creatures to be driven to slaughter—some four hundred miles or more, occupying three weeks at least of constant travelling, with only Sunday's rest. The herds, or drovers, told me how many pounds in weight they lost, in

consequence of the heat and fatigue. It was considerable, but varied according to the weather. There were no steam vessels from Leith, Dundee, Aberdeen, or other Scottish port, to convey these fine animals uninjured, within a few hours, to their destiny. There were no railroads, with well-arranged wagons, to transport them without trouble or loss of flesh, from one end of the country to another. In those days their guides were stranger creatures, and wilder, than the wildest of their convoy, but as sagacious as their dogs.

But I must not anticipate, for I have not yet quitted the mighty city. Tramp, tramp—every tramp resounding in the quietude of the morning. The environs at length are reached, and at Barnet I breakfasted at the great Cattle Market Inn, which was beginning to be crowded on the great market day. I looked outside at the monument, which tells where the great Earl of Warwick was slain, and inside at some pictures, which struck me as very clever for a tavern parlour. They were the works, and among the latest, of George Morland, with whom this was naturally a favourite resort, as a scene replete with subjects for his pencil. As it was his wont to paint oxen, pigs, sheep, donkeys, or aught else, even to sign-boards, to pay his reckoning, it was a thing of course that his head-quarters should exhibit such varieties of his easel. But of the sign-painting, as far as I know, (and that only from report,) the only specimen left is the "Goat and Boots," Little Chelsea, (now New Brompton,) a still humorous composition, though frequently retouched. Here, it is said, the artist used to rest a day or two to recruit his wasted powers, when he had occasion to perform the exhausting pilgrimage from Fulham to London. Alack for poor Morland! He could draw (in artist sense) like an ox or dray-horse, but the swinish vice paralyzed the genius with which Heaven had endowed him, and within two or three years of this time he fell a premature sacrifice to low intemperance.

On to Baldock, and Biggleswade with its old church, well worth a glance before supper-time, even after coming forty-one miles—a creditable first day's walk. Tired. Feet and shoes treated to pommade and grease, the effects of which were sensibly felt in the morning; and fatigue, pedal blister, and constraint were vanquished for the rest of the journey. But I am not going to stage it; only to note the general features which have not been obliterated from memory, with such incidents here and there, and anecdotes, as enlivened the road, which, it must be confessed, was very dull, and little favoured by the picturesque on either side.

The adjacent people, owing to the "passenger traffic," (though a phrase then unapplied,) were better informed than they are now at the distance of four miles from a railroad, and the travellers were better acquainted with them and their modes of life; for in our day of steam speed and panoramic glimpses in passing, we know as little (or less) of the country and its inhabitants, as of the polar regions and the Esquimaux. Where are the magnificent inns at all the principal places; where the well-appointed and plenteous hostelries about every tenth mile, whether of extensive or lesser capacity, excellent in accommodation and tempting,

to "bait" man and horse, sleep, and listen to all that was doing around and how the population fended and fared? We have become creatures of gradients and dead levels. There are no steep hills to pause upon and learn from fellow-traveller, farmer, or peasant, what the news of the neighbourhood is, what are the edifices within view, what the crops, what the improvements, what the prospects, what the character and condition of noble, squire, tenant, trader, and labourer; in short, how the world wags with them. No, all this is given up for rapidity of motion and saving of time—if time be saved during which you journey from London to Land's End or John o' Groats, and learn—nothing! Stages are changed into stations at, or perhaps inconveniently distant from, the place for which you are bound. Some of them are jaunty buildings, without roof to shield you from the weather; some are huge, of enormous traffic, confusing and dangerous, especially in nights accompanied by darkness and storm; absolutely frightful even to experienced hands. From Dan to Beersheba you have learnt—what the newspaper, or an idle or silly volume purchased at the stall, may have taught you. I do not say that wonderful improvements have not been made, but only that all is not gain; that there are two ways of looking at the question; and that it is easy to whisk over thousands of miles without the acquisition of as much intelligence as you would gain from a good book at your own fireside, although you are fancying all the while that, amid prodigious bustle and hurry, wherever you stop for a minute, you are abroad and seeing the world. The exchange has been made; and smoke, whistling, clatter, expedition, are the prize. I enjoyed my slow promenade, and studied the manners, good and bad, as I came into contact with every class of the community. The king of Bavaria has graphically sung the converse—thus translated:—

"The saying that the world must end in smoke
Seems true in these last days of steam and coke,
When the loud engine on the iron rails
O'er ancient ties and sympathies prevails.
Homeless, and counting love of home a dream,
From land to land we pass in clouds of steam,
For ever on the same dull level ground,
With universal sameness all around."

I remarked, truly, that the road was devoid of the picturesque. Dr. Syntax, with Rowlandson as his artistic coadjutor, could have made nothing of it; but yet there was no want of lively motion. Thirty pair of post-horses at the great inns were continually employed; peers travelling with four, and the lesser gentry with a pair; ever and anon stage-coaches passing to and fro; and above all, the royal mails, superbly horsed and caparisoned, dashing along at the rate of eleven miles an hour. Highfliers and Eclipses rivalled this marvellous speed, so that in two days and nights you might get from Thames to Tweed. But the mail, was it not a spectacle worth rubbing your eyes for, to see its parade on his Majesty's birthday—the 4th of June—when the post-office and Lombard Street rejoiced in the gayest of turns-out, and the whole corps, with harness glittering like court diamonds, the coachmen and guards in brilliant new scarlet dresses, all fine-looking fellows, and the cattle, the ribbons, and the supreme upon the throne

(box, I mean), as if they were clock-work, all moved by one Whip as by one spring? It was a local annual exhibition; but the world could scarcely match it.

Ha! Weedon Barracks, handsome, and as yet uncontaminated and unarraigned, look airy, capacious, and spotless. Stilton is near; and there will be some capital cheese for the evening repast. Not a paring to be had! I have often observed that whenever I tarried at a place famous for anything, there never was any of that thing for which it was famous to be got; except, perhaps, coals at Newcastle and abuse at Billingsgate. But no "grass" at Battersea, no char at Ambleside, no honey in Thanet, no cakes at Banbury, and only maids-of-honour of Lilliputian dimensions at Richmond, now and then.

Mazeppa-like, straight on. How frequent the recruiting parties, beating up for generals of infantry, and field marshals of cavalry, as sure as Hodge or Tummas took the shilling. How eloquent the sergeants! I had almost enlisted. At every hamlet and village corner the children were playing at soldiers. The *entente cordiale* was not dreamed of yet: it was *hate cordiale* to the knife. But methought I might do better by sticking to civil life, till I rose to be a minister of state; for teen-lad visions are as dazzling as those held out by recruiting sergeants.

I fell in presently with a joyous scene, animated by music as loud as the military band, which soon after followed that rub-a-dub to glory, and attracted me to a social rite more characteristic of that period than of the present, though it is still occasionally honoured by

"The fine old English gentleman,
One of the olden times."

It was the coming of age of the heir of a Cholmondeley, a great and opulent squire; to the fête in commemoration of which the people, from far and near, were flocking. Every one seemed to have the privilege, or at least assumed the right, of invitation. By man and woman the salute was: "D'ye coom with us? The squire 'll be main glad to see ye." "Th' yale was brew'd whan t' ind war born—one and twenty years ago. 'Twar main strong, and will be. 'Tis good for ta drink and wash t' dust oot of ta throat: do ye coom?" "There 'll be a noice dinner and a dance ont' grass. Coom, do coom." The matrons looked comely, and the children merry groups of health. The welcome was tempting; but even this display of generous hospitality was negated by me, for the sake of progress on the road.

Near the site of the Cholmondeley, otherwise Chumley, majority fête, I met with two other indications of the aptitude of mankind to abbreviate long names and words—a source of infinite trouble and error among philologists. I was inquiring of a countryman if the town of St. Neots might not be visible somewhere about the neighbourhood (as laid down in my pocket map), to which he answered that there was no such place thereabouts. I referred to my guide, and argued for its being correct, when he seemed to be suddenly struck with a laughable notion, and shouted, "Oh, it's Snitch you mean: that's it, yonder steeple on t'other side the hill;" and so it was, St. Neots

being contracted in this strange fashion. Yet St. Awdry of Ely, if we may believe the legend, was treated still more irreverently; for in consequence of the gay head-gear in which he was always represented, he has been immortalized in the epithet Tawdry. Another reply was from a fellow-wayfarer as to the name of a village he had left. "That," said he, "is Long Framlington, called, for shortness, Long Frampton." The juxtaposition of the description had a whimsical effect, and illustrates one of the curious operations of memory. It causes me to remember the long place with the short long name, through the mist of years, far better than several more important towns. Sir Astley Cooper was well aware of this psychological phenomenon, and in his lectures used to clench his significant cases with a jest or anecdote, in order to rivet the impression of the lesson upon the minds of his pupils—a practice not unworthy of imitation in these our much lecturing days.

On Wednesday evening I reached Newark-on-Trent, one hundred and ten miles, with dust besprent, and walked into the common reception-room of the principal inn. I was hardly seated when the landlady (the servant having meanwhile, I suppose, reported that the stranger belonged to no other animal or equipage) stepped up with a handsome apology for having taken me in, a mere pedestrian, which was not the custom of her house; but my appearance was so gentlemanly, etc., that she made an exception in my favour. I had no wish to seek other quarters; and so, balancing the compliment with the affront, I philosophically acquiesced in the arrangement. I ordered my meal, explored the interesting castle ruins where King John died, and the noble church; returned to supper with what appetite I had accumulated in eight or nine hours; and, to avoid foot-pad suspicions, paid my bill, chambermaid, boots, and all, before I went to bed. I rose with the sun in the morning, and stole away, over the many bridges, beyond which, I was told, the nightingale was never heard.

My route took me by Pontefract (abbreviated Pomfret), which, like Newark, is richly endowed with charitable and educational institutions, and, like Newark also, is marked by the stupendous ruins of a castle, in which another murdered monarch, Richard II, uttered his last groan. Inquisitive about agricultural matters, as I passed along I asked a rustic boy what was growing in a field, on the gate of which he was perched, the appearance of the crop being new to me, for I was not aware that liquorice was extensively cultivated hereabouts for the supply of London and other markets. With a stare of wonder at my extreme ignorance, the lout ejaculated: "Woy, that be lick-erish, sure; and (pointing to two other adjacent enclosures) them be cabbages, and them taaties." Thus do pedestrians acquire useful information, which may escape equestrians, and more especially "carriage people," though carters, wagoners, drovers, and blind beggars pick it up abundantly.

A small rural inn at Robin Hood's Well was the most pleasant of my nocturnal sojourns. The scenery was very picturesque; the name suggested the tales of romance which still haunted the locality, and the fare was in perfect homely keeping with the simplicity of the elder greenwood times.

But day is breaking over Robin Hood's Well
The earth is as an infant swathed in brightness:

"Day is breaking,
And the matin of each bird,
A ray of morn distilled in music—ringing."

One becomes poetical in such scenes. I awake from "sweet sleep, as if a descent into the springs of existence, and come back refreshed," to pursue my travel. To pass through York, with its glorious minster, without stopping, was a sore trial, but it was encountered.

On the farther side of the Roman Eboracum, I had as little of adventure as on my route thither, though one blunder cost me some trouble. Neither Hadrian, Severus, Geta, nor Constantine the Great, had left any coin for me to pick up; but, on the contrary, I committed that error for my successors. Passing, and admiring a turnpike whose ingenious keeper had made his windows look redolent of entomology, by patching every fracture and crack (which seemed to have been multiplied on purpose), with paintings cut into the shape of butterflies, bees, wasps, moths, and other insectivora, I halted for sleep at a cleanly inn near Darlington. My habit was to keep the change of a guinea loose for ready money, till the silver ran low, and then change another for a fresh supply. In doing so at this inn, I left my purse and ring on the dressing-table, and did not miss them till I was many miles on my way. What was to be done? I had heard the old saw, "There are honest people everywhere—even in Yorkshire," (and the same, by the by, of Normandy in France); but I was not quite reconciled to my negligence. I was among the Philistines, in the atmosphere of Doncaster, where no money is ever safe. There was nothing for it but to write back an account of my loss, stretch out on the minute remnant balance, and make the best of it to Newcastle, where I knew I could recruit my finances. So the beauties of Durham had no charms for me—such difference is there between a full and empty pocket. I pushed on upwards of fifty miles, afraid to indulge in more than a very scanty supply in the victualling department, and happily, though wearily, reached the excellent "Pilgrim's Inn," with less than "sixpence under my thumb," as the dusk of evening darkened its hospitable doors, and the odours of its kitchen gladdened my hungry stomach.

A few days at Newcastle sufficed to visit a coal-pit, as full of wonders as can be seen in the fire when in an imaginative mood; and also some celebrated glass-works at Shields, the secret of mixing the materials being kept by a partner, who performed the hocus-pocus in the night time; and in recalling to mind what I had seen and learnt in the preceding six days, which was more than I could forget in sixty years. Those who thirst for knowledge may depend upon it that there is nothing like personal locomotion and actual examination, questioning, seeing, and handling for yourself.

From Newcastle, I tried in vain to recover my purse and ring, and it was two months, between chambermaid and boots, proof of identity and other strange obstacles, before a legal demand for restitution was satisfied. Meanwhile, my walk had been finished at a slower rate. I had slept on the sea-fowl down beds of wealthy farmers in Bam-

boroughshire, unsurpassed mountains of feathery softness and oblivion of travel; I had visited the Holy Isle, and the princely grandeur of Alnwick Castle, and the lowly solitude of Warkworth Hermitage; I had explored the lovely banks of the Tweed, and laughed to scorn the frontier barrenness of the Lammermuir; and, under somewhat extraordinary circumstances, was ushered into the Scottish capital, castle-crowned and palace-footed, splendid and filthy, philosophical and foolish, refined and rude, sober and drunken, religious and licentious. The contrast with London was very striking, for in those days the intercourse between the countries, as compared with the present facilities and habits, might be esteemed of rare occurrence; and therefore it is that I propose to devote a chapter of my recollections to a view of Edinburgh—not from Arthur's Seat or the Calton Hill, but from the interior—the Parliament Close and its law-courts, the Luckenbooths and its "mercats" close by, the Cannongate and its wynde, the night-house, the college, and the kirk.

JENNER.

VIEWED impartially, and without prejudice, medical doctors need not be inordinately proud about their mastery over diseases. Blue bottles glare thickly enough, pills are rolled by the million, and blood pours forth in crimson stream at the will and pleasure of the myriad disciples of Æsculapius and Hygeia. But diseases still hold their own. Palliatives, indeed, there are many, but specifics few. Whatever may be permitted medical science to accomplish in times to come, the people who now die from sheer old age bear a small proportion to those whose thread of life is prematurely cut short by disease or accident.

Yes, indeed; lamentable but true it is that medicine ranks amongst its agencies remarkably few things which deserve to be regarded as specifics, or any way approaching specifics. Brimstone may certainly be considered as one; for since the cutaneous energies of this substance have become well known, a certain national instrument (speaking in a figurative sense), commonly said to have preceded bag-pipes as the national instrument of Scotland, is considerably less played upon than of yore—a fact which sets forth to all intelligent people the peculiar sense of what I desire to convey, without the necessity of more precise individualization.

Two or three other bodies might perhaps be enumerated as fairly entitled to be denominated "specifics;" with them we close the list, and take a melancholy glance at the weak contest prosecuted by doctors on the one hand, with the noxious brood of diseases on the other. Perhaps the most interesting of all specific remedies is vaccine virus, which, primarily generated in the cow, protects, as the rule, human beings who have been inoculated with it, from the attack and ravages of that much and justly-dreaded disorder, *variola*, or small-pox.

Certain complaints may occur to one and the same individual again and again. Each attack, far from making every subsequent attack less dangerous, may exert the very opposite agency, rendering the body less able to battle against the disease. A second class of diseases there is, which,

although they may occur to the same individual again and again, yet, as the rule, each subsequent attack is milder than the last. Finally, there remains a third and very interesting class of diseases which, having occurred once, never, as the rule, occur again. Each of this class seems to have the effect of liberating some specific poison from the human system. What parent of a family is there who does not watch with anxious trembling for the happy time when whooping-cough, scarlatina, and measles, shall have come and gone? and who does not feel relieved of a deep anxiety when successful vaccination has placed a youthful subject (speaking in a general way) beyond the power of that great enemy to human health and human beauty—disfiguring small-pox—to harm?

Mark well the words, "in a general way." Far be it from me to aver, as was once averred, that vaccination is an invariable preventive of small-pox. It is no such thing. Neither would I desire to lay the blame of small-pox occurring after vaccination to some fancied imperfection of vaccine matter, or error in the way of applying it. There are contingencies, of course. They have happened, and will probably still happen; nevertheless, there are undoubted cases on record—cases within the scope of my own personal experience, indeed—of the occurrence of small-pox after the most undoubtedly successful vaccination, with virus undoubtedly good. In remembering these facts, we are also bound to remember that one attack of small-pox, though it usually protects the sufferer ever after, is not always attended with this happy result; but I believe that second cases of small-pox are considerably more rare than cases of small-pox after vaccination.

Taken all in all, perhaps no disease is more generally dreaded by persons liable to its ravages than small-pox. Plague, and typhus, and cholera may, indeed, be more deadly (though, assuming the cases of small-pox to be extreme, even that may be doubted), but they are at least not disfiguring. Typhus or scarlatina attacks you, lady; you die, or else you recover: if the latter, no brand-mark of the malady scars you, nor mars one trait of personal beauty your countenance ever owned. Small-pox, however, not content with inflicting pain and jeopardizing life, so horribly maims sometimes, that the victim, though well in health, is ever after rendered an object of commiseration. Notwithstanding that the great discovery of Jenner has not accomplished quite all that he and his later contemporaries expected of it, nevertheless it is a great fact, and can hardly be overrated as to its importance. How few are the marked faces seen now, compared with what must have been, judging by the records of a hundred years ago!

The way in which the preservative qualities of vaccine matter were discovered by Jenner is a standing record of his accuracy of observation; and the persistent steps he took to bring the great discovery to bear, stemming the tide of much prejudice and opposition, are honourable testimonies to his courageous perseverance.

Dr. Jenner was born in 1749, at Berkeley, Gloucestershire, where his father was vicar. He was educated at Cirencester, which town subsequently produced the celebrated surgeon, William Lawrence. After his apprenticeship, on arriving



STATUE OF JENNER.

in the metropolis for the purpose of studying medicine, circumstances threw him in the way of John Hunter, with whom he resided for a period of three years. Having obtained his diploma, he returned to his native village, where he was fortunate enough to make the extraordinary discovery which has since proved of such inestimable benefit to mankind.

Sudbury is a grazing neighbourhood, and Jenner's professional avocations threw him much amongst farmers and milkmaids in that district. Once, whilst the small-pox was raging there, Jenner was not a little surprised to hear certain of the milk damsels talk slightly of the fell disease. "We don't care; it can't hurt us," said they, "whatever it may do to our neighbours." A statement so remarkable, and from women too, not a little astonished the doctor. He did not fail to press his inquiries further, when he elicited, on the part of the milkmaids, the belief that cows were occasionally subject to a disease communicable

by contact to human beings, and, when thus communicated, it protected them against the small-pox.

Questioning the medical men of the district; they told him the tale had been heard before, moreover, they expressed their belief in it, to some extent. Acknowledging that a slight protection might indeed be given by the vaccine virus, they argued that it was by no means perfect. Indeed, it would appear that before the notice of Jenner had been drawn to this curious circumstance, a statement of it had been conveyed to Sir George Baker, who, not crediting it, dismissed it as a popular error.

Though it was not until Jenner had been many years settled in practice that the demonstration as to the efficacy of vaccination was finally accomplished, yet the milkmaids' statements, listened to so frequently during his pupilage, made a deep impression on him. He mentioned the circumstance to that profound physiologist and acute thinker, John Hunter, but still without success.



STATUE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Jenner could not make the great man put faith in a statement in every way so extraordinary. From this explanation it will be perceived, that though Jenner was not the first to make known the protective agency of the vaccine virus, nevertheless the safeguard might have lain dormant for an indefinite time, or perhaps not have been turned to account at all, were it not for the genius and perseverance, under prejudice and ridicule, of the Sudbury general practitioner.

Not until the year 1780 did the idea first occur to him that it might be possible to propagate the cow-pox, and thus impart security against small-pox, by inoculation, first from the cow to the human body, and thence from one body to another. In 1783, an accidental case having occurred, Jenner caused a drawing of it to be made, and took it with him to London. He showed it to

Hunter, Cline, and other great men, but still unsuccessfully. Discouragement met him on all sides, and ridicule on many; but Jenner was not a man to be easily disabused of an opinion which he saw good cause for entertaining.

A decisive experiment was soon to follow; and it was this. On the 14th of May, 1796 (a day still commemorated by an annual festival at Berlin), a boy eight years old was inoculated with matter taken from the hands of a milkmaid. He caught the disease, and passed through it in a satisfactory manner. On the 1st of July following, the same boy was inoculated for the small-pox, but without avail. The constitution was satisfied, and would not take the virus. Various experiments of similar kind followed—all with equal success. In 1798, Jenner published his first memoir "On the Causes and Effects of Variola Vaccina," the evidence of which

was sufficiently conclusive to elicit a declaration from seventy of the chief physicians and surgeons in London, expressing their confidence in it. From that time forward, vaccination may be considered to have taken firm hold of civilized society.

Now, when the merits of vaccination are so fully recognised, and when people are so universally thankful that the discovery has conferred upon them a blessing so inestimable, it is difficult to convey a notion of the violent opposition Jenner met with, and the strange lines of argument adopted by his gainsayers in depreciation of the discovery. This very morning I have just read in the columns of my newspaper, certain pleas which a middle-aged gentleman placed on record to absolve him from the liability of paying his former innamorata damages for not marrying her as he promised to do. Plea number one was, that he did *not* promise; plea number two—"and if he *did* promise, the lady had not given him a reasonable time for fulfilment of the promise." I never could understand the mystery of special pleading, any more than the Austrian prince, who, when the reigning duke of the state of Krachjawsdonnerstein, or some other name, omitted to fire a salute, and humbly submitted that he had no less than fourscore reasons for the omission, the prince, on learning the first reason to be "no guns to fire with," begged him to say nothing about the rest. Yet, special pleading of this sort is a very common talent. Generally, a considerable discovery is no sooner announced, than some clever antagonist starts up to proclaim a pair of facts. Fact number one: "It isn't a discovery at all." Fact number two: "And the reputed discoverer did not discover it."

Thus did it come to pass with Jenner; but he triumphed in the end; and glad I am to record that the legislators of my country, for once, were liberal to a discoverer. By virtue of two parliamentary grants, Jenner was rewarded by a donation of thirty thousand pounds.

When universal appreciation bespoke Jenner a great man, solicitations came thick and fast, bent on enticing him away from the rural scenes of his medical triumphs, and translating him to the metropolis. But it was all in vain. The rustic glades of Sudbury had a charm for Jenner which he would not dissipate. "Shall I," wrote he, in a letter to a friend, "who, even in the morning of my life, sought the lowly and sequestered paths of it—the valley, and not the mountain—shall I now, when my evening is fast approaching, hold myself up as an object for fortune and for fame? My fortune, with what flows in from my profession, is sufficient to gratify my wishes." Tranquilly thus his life sped on amidst the rustic scenes he loved so well, until the year 1823, when death, somewhat suddenly, terminated his earthly career.

The subject of this memoir is an apt illustration of the proverb, that a prophet is without honour in his own country. Notwithstanding the undoubted efficiency of vaccination, prejudice deep and almost rancorous assailed it for many many years. Instead of waging war against small-pox to the uttermost, by the practice of vaccination, there were people who clamoured for small-pox inoculation; and in many districts medical men either approved or gave way to the clamour. The writer

of this paper remembers that in the year 1832, being then a medical student, acting under authority, he inoculated with small-pox virus more than one hundred and eighty children. Candour obliges me to testify that, so far as these cases went, and as I have otherwise seen, when small-pox inoculation was performed *after due preparation*, the resulting disease was slight, not attended with much danger, and left no marks on the face.

But if Jenner has come in for small amount of demonstrative honour at home, he has been amply indemnified for the lack of it in the demonstrative respect shown to his memory abroad. At Berlin, the 14th of May, the day when the efficacy of vaccination was first demonstrated, is still commemorated, as I have said, by an annual festival; and in the South American republics, amongst the population of which small-pox formerly raged with extreme fury and virulence, statues of Jenner are numerous and beautiful. To our shame, however, we, until quite recently, could boast no statue of Jenner amongst our metropolitan collection. "It was a very great shame," as a contemporary facetiously remarked, "that an individual who had helped to remove so many spots, could not have a spot for himself." Who, remembering what he—and still more emphatically what *she*—might have been but for Jenner, will not endorse this remark? But Jenner has his spot at last. Close together, on the western side of Charing Cross, may be seen a pair of sculptured forms, not a little distinct in aspect and bearing. One, a fierce-looking warrior, whose much-curved sword (the very counterpart of his own nose), and whose beard, representing the contempt in which he must have held razors, are symbols leaving no doubt that we gaze upon the effigy of Sir Charles Napier: the other, a pensive-looking, almost beardless man, sitting in a comfortable chair, musing, as it would seem, about some deep problem. This pensive-looking man is Jenner—an excellent likeness, it is said.

As a companion to the engraving of Jenner's statue, we have placed that of the memorial figure of Sir Isaac Newton, recently inaugurated at Grantham by Lord Brougham. Some notices of Newton's life will be found in the "Leisure Hour," Volume V., Nos. 217, 218, 219.

Ladies, I will conclude by relating to you an anecdote—one which I know to be true. In Denmark they won't marry people who come to the minister without each producing a certificate of vaccination. Certain English people were in the habit of running away to Denmark for the purpose of marrying deceased wives' sisters. Alas! they did not take their certificates of vaccination with them. Who would have dreamed of it? Well, the only solution of the difficulty was, to be vaccinated again—regularly shedding one's heart's blood for love, you see—a thing more often talked about than done.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND HIS SON:

A MEMOIR OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE CLOSE.

As I read my son's letter, I felt and understood that the goodness of God does more than we can hope or think. I was able to rejoice in God my

Saviour, that though my son had fallen, he had risen again. I thought of my dear wife and my departed children, and that, as they were in that world where there is joy over every sinner that repenteth, they rejoiced over Valentine; and I longed to be there too. But God's thoughts are not our thoughts, and I was left like an old stem of a tree bereft of its branches, apparently useless.

For three days I sat night and day by my son's bedside, and told him of the death of his kindred and of most of his friends and companions; of the famine and pestilence, and what we had suffered during that dreadful time. I prayed with him, and was enabled to give him comfort by telling of the hopeful death of several whom he had known—the commissary amongst them.

On the evening of the third day I perceived that the end of my son was drawing near. His senses did not wander, but he was too weak to speak much. He had, the day before, asked me to have him buried near his mother and old Guy, and after that he only spoke in prayer. As the clock struck eleven, we heard Hans Ebeling coming down the street, crying the hour as usual, and just under our window he reached the lines of his song:—

"Eleven disciples to Christ remained true;
The other, alas! had his conduct to rue."

My son opened his eyes, and found voice to say: "The eleven who went with me to the Lord's table remained true: I have been the Judas; but the Lord has looked on me as he did on Peter. The eleven have gone before me to the marriage supper of the Lamb; I shall soon join them. God bless Olufson!"

I, too, recollected the sermon he alluded to, and my own prayer after it, and could thank the Lord for his answer to it. Towards midnight, Valentine breathed with great difficulty, but he could smile and point upwards. At one o'clock we heard Ebeling again under the window. He had seen my son during the day, and doubtless came purposely, as he thought his words would suit us: his song now was:—

"One God, one Lord, in heaven above,
The God of Power, Truth, and Love;
The one thing useful here below,
That power and love on us bestow."

"He is a God of mercies!" were Valentine's last words; for, as I bent over him to hear what he whispered, I found he had ceased to breathe. I stood long by his bedside, looking at his countenance, and tracing his likeness to his dear mother. My thoughts were recalled by men's voices in the street. It was some dragoons passing through the town on their way from Ochsenfurt to Wurzburg, and their bugles began to play that very same air which had roused my Valentine, when almost a boy, to a longing for military glory.

Early in the morning I received a message to say that the minister was called to administer the Lord's Supper to a sick man at Eibelstadt, and wanted me, as churchwarden, to accompany him. It was to visit a soldier who had been thrown from his horse. I accordingly made ready to go, though I might have excused myself.

The soldier who had brought the message ac-

companied us to Eibelstadt, and, as we went, he told us that the accident had happened only a few hours before, at the wicket-gate of the town, which caused the horse of a soldier to shy, by which his rider was thrown and severely hurt in the head. They lifted him on his horse and carried him on with them, a man on each side supporting him; but when they got to Eibelstadt, they found him so ill that the captain thought it right to send for a clergyman.

On arriving at our destination, we were conducted to the house of Baron Greifenklau, where the sufferer was lying, in a good bed, with bandages round his head. Leaving the salver and cup often used by our minister on such occasions, I retired from the room and walked into the open air.

I saw that the colours and weapons of the regiment were piled up in the middle of the public square, and that a number of soldiers were lounging about; but my mind was so full of my dead son, that I did not give much heed to what was around me until the captain approached me. He was a tall, fine-looking man, with moustaches, and hair of that bright, almost golden colour, that belongs to so many Swedes and Finlanders, that I at once recognised him as such. He greeted me very courteously, and asked whether the minister was with the wounded. I replied in the affirmative, and he went on to say:—

"I fear it will be a sad visit, for the man appears to me to be a hardened sinner. I felt it my duty, however, to get what spiritual aid for him I could. Our army chaplain is gone forward with another division, and, imagining that all here were Roman Catholics, I sent to the next village, where I heard there was an evangelical minister. I do not even know the name of the town I sent to."

"Sommerhausen," I replied.

"Sommerhausen!" he repeated after me, as if the word brought emotion with it. "Can there be more than one town of that name? Until five months ago, we had a man from Sommerhausen serving with us."

"Very possible," I replied; "for several young men from thence entered the army." And now, raising my eyes, I perceived that the soldiers were all Swedish dragoons, and my heart beat strongly as I asked: "Did he conduct himself well?"

"Ah!" he answered, with a sigh, "I do not think he can be still alive. He was a brave man, and for seven years my comrade; but he was not successful in life. You see those colours yonder? We once thought that standard had fallen into the hands of the enemy; and though you see me here strong and well, I should be lying three feet under the soil of the field of Nordlingen had not that man been commissioned by God to save my life. He and I had rushed after the standard to recapture it, and he seized it, but gave it up to defend me. Yet I am now captain, while he was left in the ranks, was obliged to ask for his discharge, and I fear has died since."

"Oh! sir, forgive an old man's inquisitiveness, and tell me your name," I said, though scarcely able to speak or to refrain from tears.

"My name is Olufson," he replied; "I have been captain for the last three months. The name of my dear friend, my brave deliverer, was Va-

lentine Gast: do you know the name in your town?"

"Do I know it?" I answered; "Valentine was my own dear son. I know your name too, dear young man. You have done for him more than he could have done for you; for, next to God, you have saved him from eternal death."

"How?" said the captain, seizing both my hands; "is he alive, and safe at home with you?"

"He is safe at home with his heavenly Father, after spending three days with his earthly parent," I replied; "and before he died he blessed you."

He made me tell him all particulars of his last days on earth, and then returned thanks to God that he, a poor, ignorant, unlearned man, as he called himself, had been the instrument of bringing one so much better instructed, so much more talented, to the knowledge of the Redeemer. He told me many little traits of Valentine that gave me much satisfaction, and then assured me that if the regiment did not march on immediately, he would come over to see me, and look once more on the form of his deceased friend.

As we were speaking, the minister came out of the house where the wounded man lay, looking pale and agitated. His visit had been useless; the man was delirious and raging frightfully, talking about the gate of a town, and of an old man whom he thought was dead, but who stood before him threateningly; and, mistaking the minister for that old man, he uttered curses upon him. We could hear him raging as we passed under his window. I even distinguished the words, "Do not think to frighten Nicolas Paragoner."

The next morning, Valentine's remains were to be carried to their resting-place. He was to be buried near his mother, as he wished. The few inhabitants whom war and pestilence had left in the village, assembled to follow the bier, and several came into the room to see the corpse before I placed it in the coffin. Many had some kind deed of his to mention. All this was balm to my feelings. As the clock struck nine, we heard the measured tread of soldiers, and then the word "Halt!" It was Valentine's companions in arms come to attend his funeral. They were in full dress, with crape round the hilts of their swords. Ten men followed the captain into the house. One carried a helmet, sword, and spurs. They looked for a moment on the face of the dead, and then took their stations at each side of the coffin. The captain stood a moment longer, and, taking the hands into his own, pressed them as if Valentine were still alive; he shed a few tears, and then, mastering himself, helped me to place the body in the coffin. When the lid was closed, he placed the helmet, sword, and spurs upon it, and made a sign to the soldiers to carry it out of the house. Four dragoons did so, and all the others followed in the procession to the grave-yard. I walked next the coffin, leaning on Hans Ebeling; the school children followed, singing, "To Zion, city of my God;" and when they ceased, the bugles played a funeral march. At the grave, the minister said a few words, taking for his text Job's words, "My days are swifter than a post, they flee away, they see no good;" after which we buried the body. At the command of the captain, three shots were fired over the grave, after which we all

withdrew. It was with regret that I bade farewell to Olufson, not for ever, however, but only for a few days on earth.

Since that day, war has ceased in the land, the sword that was unsheathed for thirty years now rests in its scabbard, and peace reigns. God grant to my countrymen the better peace that he gives to his own. I try to make known the riches of his grace while waiting to be called to the city of my God.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO NATURAL HISTORY.

PART IV.

IN India and its Islands we have three species of rhinoceros—the common Indian, the Javanese, and the Sumatran; of the first alone, specimens have been exhibited in Europe. In Africa, according to naturalists, there are also three species, namely, the black rhinoceros, the keitloa, closely allied to the former, and the white or blunt-nosed rhinoceros. Dr. Livingstone thinks that there are but two, the keitloa being a mere variety.

The black rhinoceros is extensively spread, and is savage, suspicious, and wary. The white rhinoceros, or mohôu of the Bechuanas, is extinct in the districts north of the Zambesi; and if its destruction goes on as it has of late, it will soon become unknown in the country of the south. Neither species exists among the reticulated rivers in the great central valley connected with Lake Ngami and the Zambesi or Leeambye.

The white or blunt-nosed rhinoceros is of a timid, unsuspecting disposition; it feeds almost entirely upon grasses, and its flesh is highly esteemed. Peaceful, however, as it is, it becomes furious when wounded; and Mr. Oswell once narrowly escaped destruction from the onset of one which he had mortally wounded. He was on horseback, and with its horn it thrust the horse through to the saddle, and tossed both steed and rider. The same gentleman received a terrible wound from a black rhinoceros, which gored him as it tossed him into the air, rendering him for some time totally insensible.

Wherever the footprints of the black rhinoceros are seen, there are also marks of the animal having ploughed up the ground and bushes with his horn. This has been supposed to indicate that he is subject to fits of ungovernable rage; but, says Dr. Livingstone, he appears, when seen, rather to be rejoicing in his strength; he acts as a bull sometimes does when he gores the earth with his horns. In addition to this wanton display of power, the rhinoceros will stand on a clump of bushes, bend his back down and scrape the ground with his feet, throwing it backwards as if to stretch and clean his toes, much in the same way as a dog may be seen to do, when he scrapes on a grass sward. This is certainly not a display of rage.

The crocodile of the Nile, as was asserted by Herodotus—and his assertion has been confirmed by modern naturalists—is attended by a certain bird (a spur-winged plover, very like the peewit), which relieves the reptile by picking off insects from its terrible jaws and teeth. Other animals have similar attendants. Of these, the huge rhinoceros, and the fierce, wild buffalo, are examples in

point. The rhinoceros birds, or pique-bœufs, have strong beaks, peculiarly constructed for the seizure and tearing off of firmly adherent insects, and cramp-iron claws, large, sharp, and hooked, so as to insure attachment to the dense skin of their bulky companions. Dr. Livingstone often observed these birds, and also another species in Angola, with a hard scoop-formed bill. In all these, the bill is nearly quadrangular, and the lower mandible stronger than the upper.

Speaking of the ordinary African pique-bœuf, called *kala* by the Bechuanas, Dr. Livingstone says that this bird cannot be said to depend entirely on the insects attached to the hide of the rhinoceros (as is generally believed), for these consist only of a few spotted ticks; but it seems to be attached to the beast somewhat as the domestic dog is to man. The buffalo is alarmed by the sudden flying up of its sentinel; but the rhinoceros, not having a keen sight, although an acute ear, is warned by the cry of its feathered associate. The rhinoceros feeds by night, and its sentinel is frequently heard in the morning uttering its well-known call, as it searches for its massive friend. In proof that these birds partake of other food than that obtained from the hide of the rhinoceros, our traveller states that he and his party observed flocks of them roosting on the reeds in spots where neither tame nor wild animals were to be found.

With respect to the buffalo bird, or the red-billed weaver, Dr. Livingstone says that he saw about twenty of these birds on the withers of an old buffalo cow, leading a herd of about sixty. They act as a sort of guardian spirits. When the buffalo is quietly feeding, this bird may be seen hopping on the ground, picking up food, or sitting on its back ridding it of the insects with which its skin is sometimes infested. The sight of this bird being much more acute than that of the buffalo, it is soon alarmed by the approach of danger, and, flying up, the buffaloes instantly raise their heads to discover the cause of the sudden disturbance of their guardians. These birds accompany the buffaloes in their flight, sometimes on the wing, and at other times perched on the withers.

Since the introduction of the hippopotamus into the gardens of the Zoological Society, we have all become acquainted with its true form and aspect, and its general manners. On some points, however, Dr. Livingstone gives us novel information. As among elephants, there are certain elderly males which are expelled the herd, and which are thus forced to live isolated; these become misanthropic and savage, and rush from their subaqueous covert to attack every boat that passes near. They are not uncommon on the Chobe, where these animals are very abundant, and the natives along the banks generally know the localities they frequent; they are greatly feared, for not only will they smash a canoe, but, looking for the people swimming to shore, they will dash at them, whose safety can only be insured by diving instantly to the bottom, and there holding on by stones or weeds, until the disappointed brute moves away.

Throughout the whole net-work of rivers in Central Africa, and in Lake Ngami, the hippopotamus is astonishingly abundant. It gives preference to tranquil spots and still reaches of deep water, where it may be seen in herds, whose numbers it

is not easy to calculate. As, however, they require to come up every few minutes to breathe, when the succession of heads thrust up is constant, the herd is reasonably supposed to be large. We are not aware that the hippopotami in the Zoological Gardens spout up the water like a grampus, by blowing forcibly through the nostrils; such, however, is the practice of the animal in its secluded retreat, where it fears not disturbance; for, like other animals, even the hippopotamus gains wit by experience. Thus, in the rivers in Londa, where they are much in danger of being shot, they keep their noses among the water-plants, and breathe so quietly that one would not dream of their existence in the river, except by their footprints on the banks; while those in the Zambesi put up their heads openly to blow, throwing the jets of water to a considerable altitude. The hippopotamus passes the day in a drowsy, yawning state, night being its feeding time. The males utter a loud succession of snorting grunts, which may be heard a mile off. A canoe in which Dr. Livingstone was seated, passing over a wounded one, elicited a distinct grunting, though the animal lay entirely under water.

The young, when very little, take their stand on the neck of the dam, and when larger, on the shoulders and back, and the small head, rising above the large, comes soonest to the surface. The dam, knowing the more urgent need of her calf, comes up more frequently than is her wont, as long as it is thus nursed. In the Kafue river—a tributary of the Zambesi—so numerous and bold are the hippopotami, that the natives are obliged to make pitfalls to protect the grain against them. "In this river," says Dr. Livingstone, "we saw numbers of young ones, not much larger than terrier dogs, sitting on the necks of their dams, the little, saucy-looking heads cocking up between the old one's ears." . . . "They seem to be quarrelsome animals, for both males and females are found covered with scars, and young males are often killed by the elder ones. We met an instance of this near the Falls."

On the borders of the Kafue, game is very abundant, and little disturbed. "When," says Dr. Livingstone, "we came to the top of the outer range of hills, we had a glorious view. At a short distance below us, we saw the Kafue wending away over a forest-clad plain to the confluence, and on the other side of the Zambesi, beyond that, lay a long range of dark hills. A line of fleecy clouds appeared lying along the course of that river at their base. The plain below us, at the left of the Kafue, had more large game on it than anywhere else I had seen in Africa. Hundreds of buffaloes and zebras grazed on the open spaces; and there stood lordly elephants feeding majestically, nothing moving apparently but the proboscis. I wish that I had been able to take a photograph of a scene so seldom beheld, and which is destined, as guns increase, to pass away from earth. The elephants stood beneath the trees, fanning themselves with their large ears, as if they did not see us, at 200 or 300 yards distance. The number of animals was quite astonishing, and made me think I could realize an image of that time when megatheria fed undisturbed in the primeval forests. We saw great numbers of red-

coloured pigs (*potamocharus*) standing and gazing at us in wonder."

It is very remarkable that, amidst this collection of the larger game, neither the giraffe nor the ostrich, so common south of the Zambesi and through the Kalahari desert, are to be met with. The Batoka, who tenant this region, have no name for the giraffe or the ostrich in their language; yet the giraffe exists in considerable numbers in the angle formed by the Leeambye (or Zambesi) and the Chobe. Strange that the Leeambye should form a barrier to their advance; such, however, appears to be the fact.

Of the beasts of prey, the lion is abundant, and so is the spotted hyena—a larger and fiercer animal than the common striped species, or the villous hyena, the strand-wolf of the Dutch colonists. In a certain district beyond the confluence of the Loangwa and the Zambesi, the people build their huts on high stages as a means of protection against elephants, lions, and the spotted hyena. The hyena is at once ferocious and cowardly; it frequently approaches persons lying asleep, and makes an ugly gash on the face. Mozinkwa (one of the Doctor's companions), lost his upper lip in this way; children are sometimes carried off, and men are occasionally killed. It is true that this beast will fly at the sound of the human voice; at the same time, when his teeth are once in the flesh, he holds on with determined obstinacy; and, so powerful are his jaws, that the leg-bones of oxen, from which the natives have removed the meat and extracted the marrow, are crunched up with the greatest ease. On one occasion, when an elephant, which had been killed, was under the hands of the cutters-up and preparers of a welcome feast, a vast number of hyenas collected around, and kept up a loud laughter for two whole nights. "Some of them make a very good imitation of a laugh. I asked my men what the hyenas were laughing at. As they usually give animals credit for a share of intelligence, they said that they were laughing because we could not take the whole, and that they would have plenty to eat as well as we."

Of the alligator, the scourge of every river, we need not speak; nor of the water-tortoises, which are common, not only in the lakes and rivers, but on the flooded plains and swamps. Snakes, venomous and non-venomous, terrestrial, arboreal, and aquatic, were met with in abundance. A large yellow water-snake, spotted with dark brown, and harmless, is in high request as food by the Bayeiye, and the flesh of the great python is relished by many tribes. There is one, termed noga-putsané—that is, serpent of a kid—which utters a cry by night exactly like the bleating of that animal. Land tortoises, with their eggs, make a very agreeable dish; and large arboreal lizards, called *mpulu* (iguanas?) are favourite delicacies. These lizards may be seen in great numbers sunning themselves on the branches of trees overhanging the water, into which they splash on being disturbed.

The Bayeiye live much on fish, which is an abomination to the Bechuana in the south. Many species abound in the Zonga, and ten excellent kinds are praised for their goodness. The mosala, a scaleless species, of eel-like habits, attains to an enormous size and fatness. It feeds much on vegetables, and often leaves the river in order to

bury itself in the mud of dried pools. There is another fish, closely resembling this, which habitually leaves the rivers for the sake of feeding in pools or swamps; and as these dry up, numbers are caught by the people.

Little mention is made by Dr. Livingstone respecting apes or monkeys. During his westward journey in the country of a chief called Shinte, he observed the skin of a four-fingered species (that is, with the thumb reduced to a mere rudiment), called *polúma*. It was of a jet black colour, with the exception of the long mane, which was white. This monkey is said to be found in the north, in the country of Matiamva, the paramount chief of all the Balonda.

The following circumstance is noticed by Dr. Livingstone, which, though in itself of no great import, leads us to glance at aestivation. During his eastward journey in the district of Chicova, he noticed that in a hole of one of the mopané trees, a squirrel had placed a great number of fresh leaves over a store of seed. "It is not," he says, "against the cold of winter that they thus lay up food, but it is a provision against the hot season, when the trees have generally no seed."*

INTRODUCTORY LESSONS ON THE MIND.

LESSON XXIX.

SECT. 1.—IDIOCY AND INSANITY.

WE have been all along speaking of the Mind in its *natural* [or *normal*] state. By this is meant, not necessarily complete *perfection* in all points, but a state not crippled or impaired by disease. And even so, when we speak of the "*normal*" or natural condition of the body, we mean, not that all the limbs and bodily organs are necessarily in the highest perfection, but merely the absence of deformity, or of the loss of any of the limbs, etc., which we reckon an *unnatural* condition.

When the mental powers, or some portion of them, remain, from childhood, undeveloped, and without their natural growth, we call this *Idiocy*. But this state is also sometimes brought on in after-life by some bodily disease, or great shock given to the mind.

DOTAGE.

When the mental powers are in a state of decay from old age, this is usually called *Dotage*, though sometimes the word *Childishness* is applied to it.

When the mind is impaired, not by a want of some of its powers, but by an *irregular action*, this is what is called *Madness* or *Insanity*; though the latter of these words signified originally merely "not being in sound health." The word *Derangement*, that is, mental derangement, is often used in the same sense.

The state of mind of a patient in a certain stage of Fever, when he is under *delusions*, and imagines things that have no existence, is called *Delirium*. When this takes place only during the access of Fever, we never apply to it the word *madness*; nor should we speak of the person as having ever been insane. But the *continuance* of *Delirium* is called *Madness*. And as *Idiocy* is—as has been just said—a kind of prolonged *Infancy*, so madness of the *delirious* kind is (as was observed in a former Lesson) a kind of prolonged *Dream*; the dreamer and the madman having each

* In a little work, entitled "Wonders of Organic Life," published by the Religious Tract Society, the subject of Aestivation is discussed, and we request our readers to refer to the volume, page 146.

lost, for the time, the control of the will over the mental conceptions, which are consequently mistaken for realities.

SECT. 2.—MANIA, IDIOCY, AND DELIRIUM.

Besides this kind of madness, there is another which is often joined with it, but sometimes without it, called in technical language *Mania*. This consists in the excessive violence of some of the Passions, so as to break loose altogether from the control of Reason. Such, for instance, was the case of a man who, on being reproved by his mother for having dirtied his clothes, snatched up a poker and killed her on the spot. If he had merely given her an angry or insolent answer, he would have been called a bad-tempered and ill-behaved wretch. It is only the *excessive degree* of violence of temper that constituted him a madman. This was a case of *Mania without Delirium*. If, again, he had killed his mother under a *delusion*, fully believing that it was not his mother, but a housebreaker coming to rob and murder him, this would have been a case of *Delirium without Mania*. And if he had been only in sport, and had no notion that the poker would do any harm at all, we should have called him an *Idiot*. Indeed, there is a case recorded of an Idiot who cut off the head of a man who was asleep, and went and hid it, amusing himself with the thought of how much the other would be at a loss, *when awaking*, to know what was become of his head!

INTOXICATION.

That kind of temporary insanity produced by *intoxication* from drink, is chiefly of the character of *mania*. Opium, again, and some other drugs, produce a derangement more consisting of *Delirium*.

SECT. 3.—FEVER.

Mania often occurs in the delirious stage of fever. There is a curious case recorded of a fever-patient who, at the stage of the disease which *would* in ordinary cases have been attended with delirium, was restored (for the time) from a state of Idiotcy to sound sense. She had been servant in a gentleman's family, and had afterwards become idiotic. During the fever, she recognised the physician, who was the son of her former master; inquired after all the family, and talked quite rationally. But, as the fever abated, she sank back into idiotcy. Somewhat similar was the case of a clergyman, a man of rather superior intelligence, but on some points insane, who during a violent fever became rational, and spoke of the delusions he had been under. But they returned when the fever was cured.

SECT. 4.—OBLIVION.

Besides those kinds of disorder which have been mentioned, there is another, which may be called partial *Oblivion*: not a general decay of Memory, such as often occurs in old people, but a total forgetting of some one class of things, or of all that has occurred during a certain definite period; the Memory remaining, in all other points, unimpaired. A case is recorded of a Frenchman who settled in England when a boy, and remained there many years, speaking English like a native. In the delirious stage of a fever, he could speak nothing but French, and insisted on it that he was only sixteen years old. All that had passed, and all that he had learnt since then, was to him a perfect blank. There is a similar case recorded of a bricklayer in London, who fell from a scaffold and suffered a concussion of the brain. When in the hospital, he could not understand what was said by the attendants, and talked what seemed to them an unmeaning jargon. One of the nurses, however, who was a Welshwoman, found that he was talking Welsh. He was a Welshman, and had suddenly forgotten his English through the shock to his brain. Again, a case is recorded of a

gentleman who suffered an apoplectic stroke, from which he recovered, with the full use of all his faculties, only that he had wholly forgotten all that had passed for about ten years before his attack. He remembered all that was previous to that period, and all that was taking place after his recovery. But his friends had to tell him, as a matter of history, of all the occurrences of those ten years.

A similar case was that of a lady, who became insane, and under proper treatment was perfectly cured, and had all her mental powers unimpaired, except that she had wholly forgotten all the events of a period of several years previous to her attack. During that period she had become acquainted with a gentleman, whom she had married; but he, and the child she had borne, were total strangers to her after her recovery; and she had much difficulty in believing, on the assurances of her father and other friends, that she was married and was a mother.

In these cases the mind seems to resemble a book, from which some leaves have been torn out, but which remains perfect in all the parts, before and after the gap thus made.

Another case is that of a well-educated lady, who, on her recovery from a paralytic stroke, had forgotten how to spell. Her letters were in good firm handwriting and good sense, as formerly, but the spelling was like that of the illiterate vulgar.

The most curious, perhaps, of all such cases is that of a man of learning, who used to correspond with some of his foreign acquaintances in Latin, which he read and wrote as easily as his mother tongue. On recovering from a paralytic attack, he found his faculties unimpaired, except that he had totally forgotten the Latin language. Being in the prime of life, and a man of energetic character, he set himself to learn the language afresh. He studied hard for a considerable time, and was making just such progress as an intelligent man might be expected to make in learning a language, when one day, as he was labouring to make out a passage in some Latin book, suddenly the meaning of it flashed across his mind, and at the same moment all his knowledge of Latin came back to him at once, and he was as good a scholar as ever. It seemed as if a kind of veil had been at once torn off. Such cases as these are among the mysteries of the Mind, which no one probably will ever be able to explain.

THE BIBLE OF ROGERS, THE MARTYR.—Speaking of old Bibles, there is one now in the city of New London, Connecticut, which is remarkable, not only for its antiquity, but for its early history. It claims to be the identical book that the Rev. John Rogers, the martyr, owned, and, after the persecution of Mary, concealed in a bed, to keep it from being destroyed by the minions of Gardiner and Bonner. The martyr, who was burnt three hundred and three years ago, gave it to his eldest son. The posterity of that son removed to America in 1635, bringing the martyr's Bible with them. In this wilderness it was kept as an amulet, to keep off the devil and the Indians. When its owner, James Rogers, travelled, he wore it in his bosom, and when he slept at night it was his pillow. It was the light of his log cabin, and the instructor of his children. It descended from James, through three generations of the same name, to Judith Rogers, who married Thomas Potter, of Hopkinton, Rhode Island, and has now been in possession of the Potter family about one hundred years. This family claim also the direct Rogers descent through Judith Rogers, wife of Thomas. Its present owner lives at Potter Hill, R.I., but the Bible is, for a time, in the hands of Daniel Rogers, Esq., of New London. It contains the New Testament, Psalms, and part of the Liturgy of the English Church in the reign of Edward VI. It is not divided into verses, and its division into chapters differs from King James's translation. It is Matthew's or Cranmer's Bible.—Mystic River, Aug. 20, 1858.—*New York Journal of Commerce*.

Varieties.

A REMARKABLE CAREER.—Baron Ward, the famed Yorkshire groom, who played so prominent a part at the Court of Parma, died recently at Vienna. The history of this extraordinary man is full of remarkable events. He left Yorkshire as a boy in the pay of Prince Lichtenstein of Hungary, and after a four years' successful career on the turf at Vienna as a jockey, he became employed by the then reigning Duke of Lucca. He was at Lucca promoted from the stable to be valet to his Royal Highness. This service he performed up to 1846. About that period he was made Master of the Horse to the Ducal Court. Eventually he became Minister of the Household and Minister of Finance, which office he held when the Duke abdicated in 1848. At this period he became an active agent of Austria during the revolution. As Austria triumphed, he returned to Parma as Prime Minister, and negotiated the abdication of Charles II, and placed the youthful Charles III on the throne, who, it will be remembered, was assassinated before his own palace in 1854. It should be observed that as soon as Charles III came to the throne, the then Baron Ward was sent to Germany by his patron as Minister Plenipotentiary, to represent Parma at the Court of Vienna. This post he held up to the time of his royal patron's tragical end. When the Duchess-Regent assumed State authority, Ward retired from public life, and took to agricultural pursuits in the Austrian dominions. Without any educational foundation, he contrived to write and speak German, French, and Italian, and conducted the affairs of State with considerable cleverness, if not with remarkable straightforwardness. Baron Ward was married to a humble person of Vienna, and has left four children. Perhaps no man of modern times passed a more varied and romantic life than Ward, the groom, statesman, and friend of sovereigns. From the stable, he rose to the highest offices of a little kingdom at a period of great European political interest, and died in retirement, pursuing the rustic occupation of a farmer, carrying with him to the grave many curious state secrets.—*Newspaper Paragraph.*

COMPASSES IN IRON SHIPS.—It is remarkable how much misapprehension on the nature of magnetic action exists even among men of high intelligence. A competent witness, in a recent law trial, in a case of wreck, arising chiefly from a want of knowledge of the laws of magnetism in the navigation of the ship, stated that seamen in general believed that, if a cargo of iron was covered over, its effects were cut off from the compass. A leading counsel in the case sympathized with the general ignorance, because he confessed that he shared it. The adjustment of compasses by magnets is a most delicate operation, and has received much attention from some of our leading men in science. An able committee, under the auspices of the Board of Trade, are now engaged in the midst of an iron navy in the port of Liverpool in elucidating the whole of the subject. We feel bound, however, to record our opinion against the indiscriminate employment of all the nostrums prescribed by the compass doctors or quacks at many of our seaports. Let the shipowner consult such reports of the Liverpool Committee as have been already published, or follow the Admiralty plan of having at least one good compass in a position free from all magnetic influences. In some of the large ocean steamers a standard compass is fitted high up in the mizenmast, and we hear that it is proposed to build a special stage on board the "Leviathan," in order to keep the compass from being affected by the immense body of iron in her fabric.—*The Quarterly.*

AN HISTORIC ELBOW-CHAIR.—There is a long story going the rounds of journalism about an elbow-chair which was put up for auction after the death of a patient in the Hotel Dieu here, as part of the poor woman's effects. It fetched 500 francs, though not worth ten. It seems that this piece of furniture was originally presented to the Empress Maria Theresa, and it figured many years in her working cabinet up to the marriage of Marie Antoinette, who brought it with her to Paris, and it was such a favourite memento of her mother that she asked for it to be sent to her prison in the Temple. Her

valet, Fleury, after her execution, carried it to England, and gave it to the Prince Regent, from whose possession it got into that of the Duke of Cumberland, who brought it over to Hanover, and it subsequently found its way to Berlin, where it was given to an upholsterer to repair. In the wadding of the back a crayon portrait of a boy was found, and also a breast-pin set in brilliants—which latter was sold to a watchmaker called Naundorf, as well as some closely-written pages of MS. With the contents of the MS. Naundorf found himself in a position to persuade the Dauphin, and set up as Duc de Normandie. A German, who had kept an eye on the old chair in its wanderings, has now secured it for presentation to the Austrian Court.—*Globe Paris Correspondent.*

BELGIUM LIKE ENGLAND.—It is very gratifying to see how much Belgium resembles England. Both have their coal and their mineral districts, and both have localities in which peculiar manufactures prevail. In Mons and its neighbourhood may be found the representative of the Northumberland and Durham coal-fields—England, however, having the advantage of possessing Newcastle and Shields, for which neither canals nor railways can afford adequate substitutes. In Liege and Seraing may be discovered the counterparts of Birmingham and Sheffield; in Ghent there is the Belgian Manchester; in Verviers Leeds may be traced, and in Courtrai, Belfast and Dundee; while Tournay may be reckoned a second Kidderminster, and in numerous smaller places there are many similar striking resemblances; but the great want in Belgium is that of suitable seaports corresponding with their trade; for Antwerp can neither compensate for London nor Liverpool; and Ostend, which is rather a Margate or a Lowestoft, is but a sorry representative of Bristol or Hull.—*Globe Paris Correspondent.*

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH INVENTED IN RENFREW IN 1745.—This wonderful invention of the electric telegraph, which we are accustomed to boast of as a proof of our progress in science, was known (at least in principle) and suggested so far back as the year 1745, in a letter from Renfrew, published in the "Scots Magazine" of that date. The writer proposes to stretch twenty-five wires between two places, each wire representing a letter of the alphabet; to electrify the required wires at one end, which at the other end will pick up small bits of cork, each also representing a letter, and thus convey a message, the writer says, to any distance in the shortest time. Strange it is to think that a hint thus broadly given should have slumbered ineffectually for a century.

MENAI STRAITS, PAST AND PRESENT.—It is remarkable that near the very spot where the last battle was fought, having for its object the extermination of a sanguinary and baneful superstition, there now stands a great monument of the triumphs of progress. The Britannia Tubular Bridge crosses the Menai Straits near the place where the army of Suetonius fought the Britons who had assembled to guard the Druids, whom they revered as a sacred order of men; where women ran up and down like furies; and where the Druids were burnt in the fires they had kindled to sacrifice their enemies. No longer have we need of extermination: the aim and effort of to-day is to mingle the families of the human race, and to trust to the peaceful operation of truth, to root out error and superstition, wherever they may still linger and clog the onward paths of men.—*Philp's "History of Progress in Great Britain."*

A PELICAN GOBBLING A MONKEY.—There are a great many pelicans there (in Damietta, Egypt), which get wonderfully tame when caught. M. Mariette had one which formed an attachment for his cat. It used to open its beak and take pussy into its pouch, where she would go to sleep quite contentedly. One day, Madam Pelican snapped up a monkey, who was frightened out of his wits, and screamed and shrieked till the pelican was tired and let him out.—*Sedons.*

He who can suppress a moment's anger may prevent many days of sorrow.